

LEDGER

Fifteen Cents Per Week.

THE CHEAPEST

-IN THE -

CITY OF MEMPHIS.

By Whitmore & Co. VOL. IX.

DIRECTORY

BUSINESS HOUSES. A NDERSON & WATSON, Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants, 22: Front. A TTWOOD & ANDERSON, Cotton Factor and Commission Merchants, 294 Front.

BEAUH & SUTHERLAND, Agents Wil-BANK-First National of Memohis. F. S. Davis, Pros't; Newton Ford, Vice Pres't. BESCHER & CO., Hardware, Cuttery, Guns,

BLACK, BROTHER & CO., Cotton Factors and Produce Merchants, 294 Front. BARNUM, F. D. & CO., Watches, Jewelry BRUKER, J. P., Practical Cutter and Tailor.

Repairing and cleaning done. 357 Main. BATES, E. P. & CO., Cotton and Tobacco BLACK, ESTES & CO., Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants II Monroe street CALHOUN, NEVILS & CO., Grocers, Fac-tors and Commission Merch'ts, 17834 Pront CATHOLIC BOOKSTORE, 30834 Second at.

CRAVER, W. E., Photograph Gallery, 200 Main street, Clark's Marble Block. CAMPERDAM BROS., Merchant Tailor 280 Main street (Bethel Block), Memphi CITY BANK, cor. Jefferson and Front sts. C. B. H. Tobey. Pres't: E. C. Kirk. Cashier CLEAVES. SMITHWICK & HATCHER Booksellers, Printers, Binders, 283 Main OAROLINA LIFE INS. CO., 219 Main; M. J. Wicks, Pres't; W. F. Boyle, Sec'v.

COHEN, M., Hats cleaned, dyed, press and trimmed equal to new, 384 Main. CAVANAUGH, P. H...
CLOTHING CLEANED, REPAIRED,
AND NEW WORK MADE TO ORDER.
341 MAIN STREET.

DENTISTS-J. B. & Wm. Wassen, offic old stand, 318 Main. Also proprietors of Memphis Dental Depot, same place. MMONS & SON, Books, Stationery, Mag-agines, etc., 10 Jefferson and 393 Main st FDWARDS, J. D., Dealer in Oysters, Lak Fish, etc., Pruits of all kinds, 278 Second

FORD, NEWTON, & CO., Gropers and Cotton Pacters, 17 Union, Lee Block. FORSTER, KEALHOFER & CO., Grocers Cotton Factors, Com. Merch'ta, 209 Main GRAYSER, GEO. L., Importer of Cigariand dealer in Pipes, in Sverton Hotel. GALBREATH, STEWART & CO., Cotton GOEPEL, LEOPOLD, agent, dealer in Organs and Knabe's Plance, 375 Main.

GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MA-GRIESHABER, J., 22 Second, near cor. of Medison, Wall Paper and Window Shades GAGE & FISHER, Cotton Factors and Com-ILL, JOHN P. & CO., Cotton Factors and

Oods, etc., 217 Main street. HEINRICH, P. H., & BRO., Confection Fancy Groveries, Liquors, etc., 224 Main

HOERNER, THEO., Druggist and Analytical Chemist, 54 and 56 Beal, cor. Second JOHNSON, J. E. & CO., successors to Evans & Johnson, Cetton Factors and Commission Merchants, 284 Front.

Mes, J. M. & CO., Grocers, Commission Merchants, etc., 230 Pront. JOHNSON, G. D., Drusgist, 158 Main, two doors north of Overton Hotel. JONES, BROWN & CO., Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants, 278 Front street.

Lain & Bito., Wholesaie Liquer Dealers, 15 Poplar st. Ale in barrels and bottles. INGDON, W., dealer in Cigars and To-Mutual Life Insurance Company, 43 Mad-I TTLETON, H. A., & CO., Insurance Ag't

INKHAUER & BRO. Manufacturers an M ASONIC MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE Association, Memphis, 324 From st Goods and Varieties, 2-9 Main street.

OURES & NORTON, Cotton Factors and M EMPHIS BANK, cor. Main and Madison J. J. Murphy, Prest.: H. H. Hunn, Cash'r

MERRIMAN, BYRD & CO., FINE WATCHES AND JEWELRY, 275 Main.

M CCOMBS, KELLAR & BYRNES, Hard-ware, Cutlery, etc., 32234 and 324 Main. M ORKIN J. L., "The Hatter." Francisco & Wiggin, 307 Main, Peabody Hotel NELSON & TITUS, successors to Titus & Co., Catton Factors and Commission Mer-chants, 10 Jefferson.

O WEN, McNUTT & CO. Cotton and To-O Roll. BROS. a CO., Hardware, Cutier; and Agricultural Implements, 312 Front BERDUE, M. French Millinery, Fancy Goods, Flowers, Ribbons, etc., 278% Main

PODESTA & CAZASSA, dealers in Confectioneries, etc., 252 Main, cor. North Court DEESCOTT, O. F. & CO., dealers in Coa Oil, Lamps, Scaps, etc., 40 Jefferson street POWER, J. & CO., Merchant Taitors, 250 Second st. Cloths and Vestings on hand ROOTES, VANUE & CO., Cotton Pactor Commission and Forwarding Merchants Ag'ts for sale of Guans; 328 Front, cor, Unist

ROSE, M., Sole Agent Stone's Tonic Syrup. Cares chills. No cure so PAY. W Main RICE, STIX & CO., My Main, exclusive

ROSENBAUM & BROS., Coal Dil, Petro Oil, etc., wholesale and retail, 194 Main. SMITH, J. FLOYD, Cotton Pacter and Com-

STEELE, J.&J. & CO , Commission Merch'ts Grocers and Cotton Pactors, 168 Front st. STOUT, CHAS. & BKO., Hardware, Cut-SMITH & BRO., Cotton, Commission and Produce, No 7 Monroe street.

ST. CHARLES EATING-HOUSE, COR. OF Jefferson and Second, open at all hours. W. KINGDON, Proprietor. SELIGMAN, JOE, Desoto Stable, 55 Union, between Second and Third,

TAYLOR, RADFURD & CO., Cotton Fac-

THADERS, Cotton Factors, 324 Front street. Thirty years in Memphia. TERRY & MITCHELL, who esale dealers in Boots, Shoes and Hats, 329 Mare street

TAYLOR & BUTLAND, Grocers, Cotton Factors and Commis's Merch'ts, 384 Front VACUARO, A. & CO., Importers and dealer in Wines, Liquors, Cicars, etc., 324 Front NIREDENBURGH, R. V., Insurance Agent,

WILSO N'S SEWING MACHINES, office

W HEATON & CO., fashionable Hatters and Furriers, repayed to 279 Main street,

W EBERR, E. B. & BRU., Cotton Factors WHEELER WILDON'S SEWING MA-

W ARD, R. D. & CO., wholesale and retail dealers in Garden and Field Seeds, Fer-tilizers. Fruit Trees, Agri'l Intol'ts, 22 Main. W SUDRUFF & CO., dealers in Carriages, Bugries, etc., 179 Main street.

W ARD, J. U., Clothing, etc., Recident Part-per Gurthwaire Lewis & Stuart, 271 Main WALTER, JOS., Druggist, 184 Main, be-

WUNU & ERUTHER. Booksellers and Stationers, Old Fellows Hall, 36 Main.

PUBLIC

LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1869.

We offer an Importation of Kid Gloves,

-AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT OF COLORS

ONE DOLLAR A PAIR.

WELLS & COLL, 267 Main St.

PUBLIC LEDGER.

The Public Langua is published every Af-ternoon (except Sunday) by E. WHITMURE and J. J. DuBOSE, under the firm name of WHITMORE & CO., at No. 13 Madison street-

The Public Ledger is served to City subscribers by faithful carriers at FIFTEEN CENTS per week, payable weekly to the carriers. By mail (in advance): One year, \$8; six menths, \$4; three menths, \$2; one menth, 75

Newsdealers supplied at 2% cents per copy Communications upon subjects of general in-erest to the public are at all times acceptable. Rejected manuscripts will Nor be returned, RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Eight lines of Nonpareil, solid, constitute :

Displayed advertisements will be charged ac-cording to the srace occupied, at above rates— there being twelve lines of solid type to the inch Notices in local column inserted for twenty Special Notices inserted for ton cents per line for each insertion.

Notices of Deaths and Marriages, twenty To regular advertisers we offer superior in ducements, both as to rate of charges and man ner of displaying their favors.

Advertisements published at intervals will be charged One Dollar per square for each inser-All bills for advertising are due when con-

All letters, whother upon business or therwise, must be addressed to WHITMORE & CO.

Publishers and Proprietors. THE POET TO HIS LABY-LOVE.

BY JOHN R. BEASLEY. The meon is beaming brightly, love, The stars are twinkling, too, And I would like, this lovely night,

'Twould thrill the chords within my heart, And 'rouse my very soul, To feel your loving arm in mine

We'll talk upon some touching theme: The starry world above -Of all that makes earth beautiful, Of friendship and of lovo-

Of happy, jeyous moments spent, In mem'ry dear and bright, So come! we'll take a walk, my love, We'll take a walk to night.

Remember 'twas on such an eve, In wondrous days of old. The angel host of heaven were sent Glad tidings to unfold :

Of peace and joy, good will to mer Throughout the realms of earth ; For Mary, then in Bethlehem. Had given the Savior birth.

The orient and thoughtful moon Shone sweetly then as now, And the stars, in their arure home,

Looked down with pensive brow ; And one before the shepherds stood,

To guide them on their way T' the roanger where, in swaddling hood, The little stranger lay.

We'll think about that star to night, While rambling hand in hand, For who can tell but that its light Still beams upon our land,

And that it feels for kuman woe, As when to man 'twas given, To point the road-the only road-

That leads from earth to heaven. So come! we'll take a walk, my lave, For 'tis the witching hour When levers' hearts are said to feel

Its melting, winning power. And though, forsooth, we should not find That star we wish to see, I would a gentle tale unfold,

And be a star to thee. Journalism-The Tripod in Tennes

From the Buffalo Express | The editor of the Memphis Avalanche

swoops thus mildly down upon a correpondent who posted him as a Radical "While he was writing the first word, the middle word, dotting his i's, crossing his t's, and punching his period, he knew he was concecting a sentence that was saturated with infamy and reeking with falsehood — Exchange.

I was told by the physician that a Southern climate would improve my

health, and so I went down to Tennessee and got a berth on the Morning Glory and Johnson County War-Whoop, as associate editor. When I went on duty I found the chief editor sitting tilted back n a three legged chair with his feet on a There was another pine table in the room, and another afficied chair, and both were half buried under newspapers and scraps and sheets of There was a wooden box of sand, sprinkled with cigar stubs and "old for lying, that Van Wert is not elected soldiers," and a stove with the door hanging by its upper hings. The chief is to disseminate truth—to eradicate editor had a long-tailed black cloth frock error—to educate, refine and elevate the editor had a long-tailed black cloth frock coat on, and white linen pants. His boots were small and neatly blacked. He wore a ruffled shirt, a large seal ring, a standing collar of obsolete pattern and a checkered handkerchief with the ends checkered handkerchief with the ends black-hearted villain, this hell-spawned black hearted villain, this hell-spawned black hearted villain. hanging down. Date of costume, about 1848. He was smoking a cigar and trying ing to think of a word. And in trying

and I judged that he was concocting a particularly knotty editorial. He told me to take the exchanges and skim through them and write up the "Spirit of the Tennessee Press," condensing into the article all of their contents that seemed of interest. I wrote as follows:

"SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS "The editors of the Semi-Weekly Earthquake evidently labor under a misapprehension with regard to the Bally-hack railroad. It is not the object of the company to leave Buzzardville off to one side. On the contrary, they consider it one of the most important points along the line, and consequently can have no desire to slight it. The gentlemen of the Earthquake will, of course, take pleasure

in making the correction.

"John W. Blossom, Esq., the able editor of the Higginsville Thunderbolt and Battle Cry of Freedom, arrived in the city yesterday. He is stopping at the Van Buren House.

"We observe that our cotemporary o the Mud Springs Morning Howl has fallen into the error of supposing that the election of Van Werter is not an estabished fact, but he will have discovered his mistake before this reminder reaches him, no doubt. He was doubtless misled by incomplete election returns.

'It is pleasant to note that the city of Blathersville is endeavoring to contract with some New York gentlemen to pave its well nigh impassable streets with the Nicolson pavement. But it is difficult to accomplish a desire like this since Mem-phis got some New Yorkers to do a like service for her, and then declined to pay for it. However, the Daily Hurrah still urges the measure with ability, and seems confident of ultimate success.

"We are pained to learn that Colone Bascom, chief editor of the Dying Shrick for Liberty, fell in the street a tew evenings since and broke his leg. He has lately been suffering with debility, caused by overwork and anxiety on account of sickness in his family, and it is supposed that he fainted from the exertion of walking too much in the sun."

I passed my manuscript over to the chief editor for acceptance, alteration or destruction. He glauced at it and his face clouded. He ran his eye down the pages, and his countenance grew porten-tous. It was easy to see that something was wrong. Presently he sprang up and

"Thunder and lightning! Do you suppose I am going to speak of those cat tle that way? Do you suppose my sub-scribers are going to stand such grue! as Give me the pen!"

I never saw a pen scrape and scratch its way so viciously, or plow through another man's verbs and adjectives so relentlessly. While he was in the midst of his work somebody shot at him through the open window and marred the sym

metry of his ear.
"Ah," said he, "that is that scoundrel Smith, of the Moral Volcano-he was due yesterday." And he snatched a due yesterday." And he snatched a navy revolver from his belt and fired. Smith dropped, shot in the thigh. The shot spoiled Smith's aim, who was just taking a second chance, and he crippled

a stranger. It was me. Merely a finger Then the chief editor went on with his erasures and interlineations. Just as he finished them a hand grenade came down the stove pipe, and the explosion shivered the stove into a thousand fragments-However, it did no further damage, ex-

cept that a vagrant piece knocked a couple of my teeth out. That stove is utterly ruined," said the chief editor-

I said I believed it was "Well, no matter-don't want it this kind of weather. I know the man that I'll get him. Now here is the way this stuff ought to be written. I took the manuscript. It was scarred with erasures and interlineations till its

mother wouldn't have known it, if it had had one. It now read as tollows:

" SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS. "The inveterate liars of the Semi-Weekly Earthquake are evidently attempting to paim off on a noble and chivalrous people another of their vile and brutal falsehoods with regard to that most glorious conception of the nine-teenth century, the Ballyhack railroad. The idea that Buzzardville was to be left off at one side originated in their own fulsome brains or rather in the settlings which they regard as brains. They had botter swallow this lie, and not stop to chew it, either, if they want to save their abandoned, reptile carcasses the cow-hiding fley so richly deserve-

"That ass, Blossom, of the Higgins-ville Thunderbolt and Battle Cry of Freedom, is down here again, bumming his board at the Van Buren.

"We observe that the besotted black-guard of the Mud Springs Morning Hosel is giving out, with his usual propensity The beaven-born mission of journalism

to think of a word, and in pawing his | ing vulgarity. His paper is notoriously hair for it, he had rumpled his locks a nufit to take into the people's homes, good deal. He was scowling fearfully, and ought to be banished to the gambling and I judged that he was concecting a hells and brothels where the mass of reeking pollution which does duty as its editor, lives and moves, and has its being. Rintheraville wants a Nicolson pave

ment-it wants a jail and a poor-house more. The idea of a pavement in a one-horse town with two gin-mills and a blacksmith shop in it, and that mustardplaster of a newspaper, the Daily Hur-rah! Better borrow of Memphis, where the article is cheap. The crawling in-sect, Buckner, who edits the Hurrah, is braying about this pavement business with his customary loud-mouthed imbecility, and imagining that he is talking sense. Such foul mephitic seum as this verminous Buckner, are a disgrace to

That degraded ruffian Bascom, of the Dying Shrick for Liberty, fell down and broke his leg yesterday—pity it wasn't his neck. He says it was debility, 'caused by overwork and anxiety!' It was debility caused by trying to lug six gallons of forty-rod whisky around town when his hide is only gauged for four, and anxiety about where he was going to bum another six. He 'fainted from the exertion of walking too much is the sun!' And well he might say that—but if he would walk straight he would get just as far and not have to walk half as much. For years the pure air of this town has been rendered perilous by the deadly breath of this perambulating pestilence; this pulpy bloat; this steaming, animated tank of mendacity, gin and profanity; this Bascom! Perish all such from out the sacred and majestic mission of jour-

"Now that is the way to writepery and to the point. Mush-and-milk journalism gives me the fan-tods." About this time a brick came through the window with a splintering crash, and gave me a considerable of a jolt in the middle of the back. I moved out of range—I began to feel in the way. The

chief said: "That was the Colonel, likely; I' been expecting him for two days. He will be up, now, right away."
He was correct. The "Colonel" ap-He was correct. The "Colonel" appeared in the door a moment afterward,

with a dragoon revolver in his hand. He "Sir, I have the konor of addressing

the white-livered poltroon who edits this manny sheet?" "You have. Be seated, sir-be careful of the chair, one of the legs is gone. I believe I have the pleasure of addressing the blatant, black-hearted scoundrel, Col. Blatherskite Tecumseh?"

"The same. I have a little account to

settle with you. If you are at leisure we will begin. "I have an article on the 'Encourag ing Progress of Moral and Intellectual

Development in America' to finish, but there is no hurry. Begin." Both pistols rang out their fierce clamor at the same instant. The chief lost a lock of bair, and the Colonel's bulet ended its career in the fleshy part of Lay thigh. The Colonel's left shoulder was clipped a little. They fired again. Both missed their men this time, but I got my share -a shot in the arm. At the third fire both gentlemen were wounded slightly, and I had a knuckle chipped. I then said I believed I would go out and take a walk, as this was a private matter and I had a delicacy about participating in it further. But both gentlemen begged me to keep my seat, and assured me that

I was not in the way. I had thought differently up to this time. They then talked about the elections and the crops awhile, and I fell to tying up my wounds. But presently they opened fire again with animation, and every shot took effect—but it is proper to remark that five out of the six fell to my share. The sixth one mortally wounded the Colonel, who remarked, with fine humor, that he would have to say good morning, now, as he had business up town. He then inquired the way to the undertaker's and left. The chief

turned to me and said: "I am expecting company to dinner and shall have to get ready. It will be a favor to me if you will read proof and

attend to the customers. I winced a little at the idea of attending to the customers, but I was too be-wildered by the fusilade that was still ringing in my ears to think of anything to say. He continued:

"Jones will be here at 3. Cowhide him. Gillespie will call earlier, perbaps
throw him out of the window. Ferguson will be along about 4—kill him. That is all for to-day, I believe. If you have any odd time, you may write a blistering article on the police—give the Chief Inspector rats. The cowhides are under the table; weapons in the drawer-ammunition there in the corner-lint and bandages up there in the pigeon-holes. In case of accident, go to Lancet, the surgeon, down stairs. He advertises -- we take it out in trade."

He was gone. I shuddered. At the end of the next three hours I had been through perils so awful that all peace of mind and all cheerfulness had gone from me. Gillespie had called and thrown me out of the window. Jones arrived promptly, and when I got ready to do the cowhiding, he took the job off my hands. In an encounter with a stranger. hands. In an encounter with a stranger, not in the bill of fare, I had lost my

ruin of chaotic rags. And at last, at bay in the corner, and beset by an infuriated mob of editors, blacklegs, politicians and desperadoes, who raved and swore and flourished their weapons about my head till the air shimmered with glaucing

flashes of steel. I was in the act of re-signing my berth on the paper when the chief arrived, and with him a rabble of charmed and enthusiastic friends. Then ensued a scene of riot and carnage such as no human pen, or steel one either could describe. People were shot, probed, dismembered, blown up, thrown out of the window. There was a brief tornado of murky blasphemy, with a confused and frantic war-dance glimmering through it, and then all was over. In five minutes there was silence, and the gory chief and I sat alone and surveyed the sanguinary ruin that strewed the floor around us. He said:

"You'll like this place when you get

used to it." I said "I'll have to get you to excuse me. I think maybe I might write to suit you after a while, as soon as I had some practice and learned the language—I am confident I would. But to speak the plain trath, that sort of energy of expression has its inconveniences, and a man is lia-ble to interruption. You see that yourself. Vigorous writing is calculated to elevate the public no doubt, but then I do not like to attract so much attention as it calls forth. I can't write with comfort when I am interrupted as much as I have been to-day. I like this berth well enough but I don't like to be left here to wait on the customers. The experiences are novel I grant you, and entertaining, too, after a fashion, but they are not judici-ously distributed. A gentleman shoots at you through the window, and cripples me; a bombshell comes down the stove pipe for your gratification, and sends the stove door down my throat; a friend drops in to swap compliments, and freck-les me with bullet holes till my skin won't hold my principles; you go to din-ner, and Jones comes with his cowhide, Gillespie throws me out of the window, Thompson tears all my clothes off, and an entire stranger takes my scalp with the easy freedom of an old acquaintance; and in less than five minutes all the blackguards in the country arrive in their war paint and proceed to scare the rest of me to death with their tomshawks. Take it altogether, I never have had such a spirited time in all my life as I have had to-day. No. I like you, and I like your calm unruffled way of explaining things to the customers, but you see I am not used to it. The Southern heart is too impulsive-Southern hospitality is too lavish with the stranger. The paragraphs which I have written to-day, and into whose cold sentences your masterly hand has infused the fervent spirit of Tennes seean journalism, will wake up another nest of hornets. All that mob of editors will come-and they will come hungry too, and want somebody for breakfast. shall have to bid you adien. I decline to be present at these festivities. I came South for my health-I will go back on

the same errand, and suddenly. Ten-

nessee journalism is too stirring for me.

After which we parted, with mutual re-

gret, and I took spartments at the hos-

THE GREAT RED STORE,

NO. 14.

280 MAIN ST.

We are now opening, and offer for sale at low figures, an assortment of handsome Balmoral Skirts.

WM. FRANK.

FAVORITE

Call and Examine.

COAL OIL, TINWARE, Castings, Grates. Roofing, Guttering and Steneil Cutting promptly executed.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY SOLICITED.

T. S. JUKES,

328 Second St., Memphis, Tenn.



STOVE

LIGHTNING WOOD large advantage as a baker over any other steve in the market. This 18 ONE OF THE LANGEST STOVES in the market, having an oven Z by Z5 inches, with a twenty six inch fire-box. The stoves are WAK-MANTED to FAKE QUIUK and EVE AND NOT TO CRACK.

able improvements, including the double front fire doors, patent convex top oven plate. ventilated oven, hot air cham-ber, which gives it a stove in the market. This IS ONE OF THE LAGGEST STOVES in the mar-STOVES in the mar-het, having an oven 22 by 23 inches, with a twenty-six inch fire-hex. The Stoves are WARRANTED TO BAKE QUICK AND RVEN, AND NOT TO CRACK.

ALASKA.

GEO. W. SCOTT.

Dealer in Stoves, Grates, Tinware, Lamps, Chimneys, Barners, Wicks, Etc.

336 SECOND STREET.

GALVANIZED IRON CORNICE And General Job Work Promptly Executed and Warranted.

Refer, by permission, to John Overton, Jr., W. B. Greenlaw, D. Winters, l'Architec , an

EE M 1 0 A 0 M ID

IDE 0F A B M HOUSE KE EPE RS

WM RESOR & CO. THE UNRIVALED "CHAMPION"

WE OFFER TO THE PUBLIC, with great confidence, the justly celebrated FASRION AND CHAMPION COOKING STOVES, and guarantee them not to be excelled for their excellent baking qualities, economy in fuel, and durability, by any Stove new in use. Call and so a these orienteed Stoves before purchasing. Send for pamphlet. Also for

Van's Patent Hoteland Family Portable Ranges. H. WETTER & CO.,

Dealers in Heating and Cook Stoves, House Furnishing Goods, Hantels and Grates, and manufacturers of Plain and Japanned Tinware, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware. 13 and 15 Monroe Stree t.